

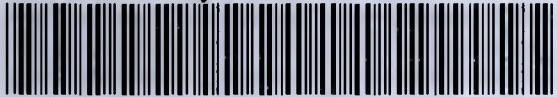
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## 116th Annual Dinner.

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Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

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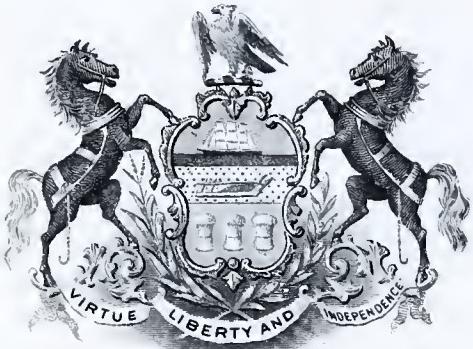
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PROCEEDINGS  
AT THE  
116th ANNIVERSARY DINNER  
OF THE  
SOCIETY OF THE  
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK  
IN THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK,  
AT  
DELMONICO'S  
MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1900.



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1900.

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*of the City of New York*

## OFFICERS

OF THE

### SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

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1900.

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PRESIDENT

JAMES A. O'GORMAN

VICE-PRESIDENT

EDWARD PATTERSON

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

CONSTANTINE J. MACGUIRE

TREASURER

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ADMISSION COMMITTEE

STEPHEN FARRELLY RICHARD M. WALTERS

MILES TIERNEY JAMES J. PHELAN

WILLIAM J. K. KENNEY

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The 116th Anniversary Dinner of the "Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York" took place at Delmonico's (Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street) on the evening of March 17, 1900. The President of the Society, Hon. James A. O'Gorman, presided. The following members and guests were present:

#### GUESTS' TABLE.

James A. O'Gorman, President

General Wesley Merritt	Rev. Charles McCready, D.D.
Michael J. Ryan	John S. Wise
Cornelius Van Cott	John W. Keller
Michael Monahan	Thomas C. O'Sullivan
George M. Van Hoesen	Howland Pell
John Jardine	Samuel Sloan
Frederic de Peyster Foster	James S. Coleman
Elbridge T. Gerry	Thomas H. Hubbard
Warren A. James	George Gray Ward
W. M. Polk	M. I. Southard

#### TABLE A

Charles Clark Dunn	J. Henry McKinley
John T. Brennan	John J. Barry
M. J. Quinn	A. H. Tyson
Theodore F. Wood	M. F. Loughman
Thomas F. Bardon	John J. Hopper
Charles Phelps	John H. Scully
Thomas J. Kearney	Thomas J. Moore
James Curren	Daniel J. O'Connell
James O'Keefe	John T. Lee
M. F. Donohue	Thomas F. Conville
P. J. Brennan	J. J. Mullane
William A. Kane	E. Clinton Smith
Peter F. Kane	Ernest Staples
James R. Keane	Edgar Gibbs Murphy
John P. Keane	Edward Early
Timothy J. Hayes	Daniel J. Early
John P. Caddagan	Charles S. Rees

Austin Finegan	John Chester Hasbrouck
James G. Geagan	Terance F. Curley
William R. Hill	P. J. Walsh
Michael T. Daly	Daniel J. Donovan
John Slattery	John L. Lichtenstein
Charles Warren Hunt	George S. Rice
Charles S. Gowen	William H. Taylor
James J. Coogan	J. Louis Cunningham
B. F. Coleman	Edward J. O'Shaughnessy
Jules Breuchaud	Rev. James J. Dougherty
	Lawrence J. Callanan

TABLE B.

John Crane	James McMahon
Bird S. Coler	Myles Tierney
Thomas M. Mulry	G. W. Butts
Daniel E. Moran	Lawrence Fagan
John F. O'Rourke	Stephen Farrelly
Thomas W. Hynes	Joseph A. Marsh
Robert W. Heberd	T. C. Farrelly
George J. Wills	Lorenzo Semple
Warren A. Conover	Patrick Farrelly
Frank E. Conover	Thomas J. Colton
Joseph G. Hull	William R. Doherty
W. B. Reed	James M. Bingham
F. D. Rounds	Granville T. Daley
Michael Blake	D. M. Jones
Thomas Millen	James G. Johnson
James Whealen	William H. Cahill
Anthony Oechs	Vincent P. Travers
Hugh Kelly	Henry Anderson
Alexander MacDonald	Robert J. McKeon
John A. Davidson	Timothy E. Cohalan
Austin E. Pressinger	John B. Manning
Charles Murray	Francis I. Manning
Michael Brennan	Ambrose F. Travers
James J. Phelan	John A. Sullivan
	John J. Rooney

## TABLE C

Michael Duff	Patrick Kiernan
John Von Glahn	Rev. Thos. F. Murphy
R. H. Mitchell	T. T. Smith
Richard Moriarty	Joseph Smith
Thaddeus Moriarty	William H. Hurst
Wm. L. Brown	Guest
Irwin A. Powell	Thomas L. Feitner
E. D. Farrell	John B. McKeon
Wm. J. Woods	Edward C. Sheehy
Jos. P. Day	Frank A. McHugh
Thos. J. Brady	George E. Best
James Butler	Edward Hassett
James McClenahan	George H. Amsbell
Thomas J. Reilly	James N. Wallace
Peter J. Dooling	William J. K. Kenny
Thomas F. Smith	Alfred Henry Lewis
Warren Leslie	Philip J. Britt
John H. McCarty	James J. Martin
William E. Burke	Mark W. Brenen
William V. Creighton	Walter F. Vernon
J. F. Schaperkotter	George W. McNulty
Bernard Naughton	Francis J. Lantry
James P. Keating	Aurian T. Kiernan
Isaac Fromme	Charles F. Murphy
	D. F. McMahon

## TABLE D

Edward Patterson	Morgan J. O'Brien
William Rumsey	Chester B. McLaughlin
George C. Barrett	Charles H. Van Brunt
John D. Crimmins	William F. Sheehan
Eugene A. Philbin	Jacob A. Cantor
Thomas Crimmins	Frank T. Fitzgerald
J. H. Haggerty	Andrew Freedman
A. C. Tully	Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr.
C. T. Driscoll	Philip A. Smyth
E. J. Gavegan	John D. Crimmins, Jr.
F. C. O'Reilly	James J. Traynor

George O'Reilly	William G. Davis
John A. Cordts	Howard Constable
James J. Sweeney	I. E. Ditmars
Isaac N. Weiner	Thomas J. Byrne
Joseph J. Gleason	Guest
James W. Hyde	Augustine Walsh
Charles F. Hart	Guest
James A. Hart	Theodore Connolly
Charles F. Hart	James T. Smith
P. A. Hart	Francis O'Neil
E. L. Harper	Henry A. Brann
W. F. Carey	M. J. Barrett
	T. E. Crimmins

TABLE E

John H. Spellman	John F. Carroll
Thomas F. Conway	C. W. Morse
William N. Penney	Maurice Untermeyer
John Williams	Edward R. Carroll
John F. Wallace	R. W. Criswell
Joseph Michael	P. C. Boyle
Edmond J. Curry	James A. Blanchard
James Reilly	C. J. L. Lynch
John McLaughlin	John H. Knoepfel
Cornelius Callahan	James Dunne
J. F. Curry	M. J. Harson
John Monks	John J. Kennedy
John Monks, Jr.	C. E. Bryne
Richard A. Monks	Ernest Hall
C. C. Shayne	John J. Pulley
Richard M. Walters	Thomas Morrissey
S. J. Geoghegan	William I. A. Cranitch
Charles F. Walters	P. F. Collier
Hugh Slevin	Joseph Bissell
Edward Duffy	Francis J. Quinlan
Samson Lachman	Frank S. Beard
Charles O'Connor	James Kilduff
Maurice J. Power	James H. Breslin
	Constantine J. Macguire

TABLE F

Lewis J. Conlan	James Fitzgerald
John T. Oakley	Warren W. Foster
C. J. Ryan	William R. Grace
A. G. Yates	Edward Eyre
A. E. Patten	William L. Turner
James Kerr	David L. Barrett
Richard J. Lyons	Murray C. Danenbaum
David J. Lyons	John H. Eagle
Patrick Gallagher	John Goodwin
Cornelius Gallagher	Joseph Brady
Walter Pierson	John J. Clingen
Frederick W. Avery	William M. Dunlevy
John J. Lenehan	Richard L. Walsh
Frederic Storm	William M. Ryan
Frederick A. Burnham	Luiz W. Mooney
J. Hollis Wells	Bernard T. Kearns
Richard Deeves	David R. Daly
J. Henry Deeves	Thomas J. Dunn
Richard Deeves	Alfred M. Downes
Timothy J. M. Murray	David Wile
Andrew Little	John O'Sullivan
John Stewart	James Hefferman
John Stewart	John O'Connell
	Edward I. McGuire

TABLE G

W. W. Ackerman	Frank S. Gannon
W. H. Whalen	Herbert H. Vreeland
E. H. Baker	Daniel M. Brady
E. B. Sheffer	C. M. Mendenhall
George W. McCluskey	Ricardo Rodriguez
Frank Wells	Robert A. Sasseen
Theodore E. Tack	Joseph W. Lawrence
Joseph Austin Farley	John Byrns
Francis A. Chicherio	John P. Schuchman
John F. Doyle	Farrell F. O'Dowd
Rollin M. Morgan	James A. Deering
Lawrence Winters	Rev. M. J. Lavelle
Joseph P. Bradley	George B. Coleman

Michael Fitzsimons	Benjamin S. Harman
Hugh King	Lawrence T. Fell
Peter McDonnell	Randolph Guggenheim
Marcus Stine	Charles H. Knox
Daniel O'Day	Miles M. O'Brien
F. A. Duneka	John Moore
G. B. M. Harvey	Joseph A. Flynn
Jerome A. O'Connell	John T. Farley
John G. O'Keeffe	John T. Farley
Charles Strauss	L. B. Rolston
	Bryan L. Kennelly

## TABLE H

James W. O'Brien	Edward J. Farrell
George R. Brewster	M. R. O'Loughlin
James Kearney	George W. Cotterill
William J. Farrell	John Delahunty
Arthur A. McLean	Myron T. Wilbur
Dennis W. Moran	John J. Quinn
Frank Thompson	William D. May
Charles Doelger	Harry Van Atta
John Vessey	Thomas P. Kelly
Charles J. Warner	Peter F. Meyer
Benjamin T. Rhodes	Joseph W. Waller
Marcus Spencer	Robert Bonynge
A. McC. Parker	James A. Cryan
Patrick Ryan	Samuel Goldsticker
Thomas O'Reilly	Thomas L. Watt
John Furlong	Curtis B. Pierce
Edward J. Stapleton	Joseph H. Senner
Benjamin N. Disbrow	John J. Quinlan
James Flynn	Daniel O'Connel
George M. Daly	Louis F. Doyle
John Kirkpatrick	M. Warley Platzek
Thomas F. Keogh	Augustine E. Costello
David McAdam	John H. Cahill
Peter J. Loughlan	P. H. Whalen
Daniel J. Quinlan	Francis Higgins
Daniel Whitford	Thomas Kirkpatrick
Oren Dennett	John M. Tierney
	Bartholomew Moynahan

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

1. MARCH (new) "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," DAVE BRAHAM
2. IRISH FANTASIE, - - - - -  
Airs introduced, "Those Endearing Young Charms,"  
"Planxty Kelly," "Minstrel Boy," "Cruiskeen  
Lawn," "Rakes of Kildare," "Garry Owen," "St.  
Patrick's Day," concluding with "The Harp That Once  
Thro' Tara's Hall," - - - - - Arranged by BRAHAM
3. SONG, - - - - "An Innocent Young Maid," - - - - CARL
4. SELECTION, - - - - "The Bohemian Girl," - - - - BALFE
5. POPULAR AIR, - - - - - - - - - - GEBEST
6. SONG, - - - - "Low Back Car," - - - - - LOVER
7. LAST OF THE HOGANS," - - - - - - - - - BRAHAM  
Introducing "Xylophone Solo," (Mr. Edward King)
8. WALTZ, - - - - "My Wild Irish Rose," - - - - OLCOTT
9. POPULAR SONG, - - - - - - - - -
10. "THE CAKE WINNER," - - - - - - - - - HEELAN
11. MARCH, - - - - - - - - - - ENGLANDER
12. DINAH, - - - - - - - - - STROMBERG  
BRAHAM, LEADER.

## TOASTS.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, - - - - - HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN

1. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE, - - - - - HON. MICHAEL J. RYAN

This day a holy light arose  
Above our Irish hills.

2. OUR COUNTRY, - - - - - HON. JOHN S. WISE

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, —are all with thee!"—*Longfellow*.

3. OUR STATE, - - - - - HON. THOMAS C. O'SULLIVAN

"What constitutes a state? Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

—*Sir William Jones*.

4. OUR CITY, - - - - - HON. JOHN W. KELLER

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers."—*Jonathan S. Sewall*.

5. THE ARMY AND NAVY, - - - - - GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT

"The Army and Navy Forever."

6. THE SPIRIT OF IRISH LITERATURE, - - - MICHAEL MONAHAN, ESQ.

"'Tis believed that this harp which I wake now for thee  
Was a siren of old who sang under the sea."

—*Thomas Moore*.

7. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES, - - - - -

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"—*Robert Burns*.

**MENU.**

Oysters,              Sauterne.

**SOUP.**

Consomme Printaniere,              Cream of Celery.              Sherry.

**SIDE DISHES.**

Radishes,              Olives,              Celery.

**FISH.**

Striped Bass with White Wine.              Duchesse Potatoes,              Sauterne.

**REMOVE.**

Saddle of Mutton, Colbert Sauce,              String Beans,              Champagne.

**ENTREES**

Breast of Chicken, Chevreuse Fashion,              French Peas,  
Irish Bacon and Greens,              Terrapin Baltimore,              Chateau Coffrau.

**SHERBET WITH KIRSCH.****ROAST.**

Redhead Duck, Celery Mayonnaise and Apples, White Rock, Apollinaris.

**SWEETS.**

Fancy Ice Cream,              Fruit,              Cakes,              Liqueurs  
Cheese,              Coffee.

Before the conclusion of the dinner the President arose, and said : "Gentlemen, I ask you to join me in drinking to the health of the President of the United States." The toast was drunk standing and in silence, after which the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," all the diners joining in the song.

At 9.45 P. M. the President's gavel was heard calling the assembled diners to attention.

#### ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

JUDGE O'GORMAN, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said:

Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; I salute you, and in your name extend to our distinguished guests who honor us with their presence a generous and hearty Irish welcome. (Applause.)

This large and representative gathering is gratifying evidence of your unaltered devotion to the memory of St. Patrick. Monuments may mark the progress of civilization, perpetuate its triumphs and illustrate the gratitude of nations; but the highest praise, the greatest glory and the most enduring memorial that can be paid to any man's memory is the grateful and affectionate recollection of succeeding generations of his countrymen. Measured by this standard, our good saint must hold a high place among the patron saints of the nations, for although fourteen centuries have come and gone, and disappeared in the maze and mist of history since St. Patrick labored on this earth, every recurring anniversary of his birth is celebrated all over the world, even in lands that were then undiscovered, and in accents then unknown, with a zest and enthusiasm that know no abatement; and the Irishman, or the descendant of an Irishman may well doubt the sincerity of his own heart, if he find that heart unmoved by the hallowed memories and traditions that cluster about and sanctify the day we celebrate. (Applause.)

This is our 116th annual celebration. We are proud of our history, for it stretches back to the very birth of America's national life. Our society existed years before the United States were organized as an independent government.

On November 25th, 1783, the British troops evacuated this city. At noon of that day the Union Jack was hauled down from the fort at the battery and the flag of the young republic fluttered to the breeze, and thus ended the struggle of the revolution. On the 17th of the following March, in the year 1784, this society, composed in part of a number of officers who served under Washington, had its first dinner.

in this city at Cape's Tavern, now 115 Broadway, and ever since that time it has devoted its energies to keeping alive the patriotic memories of the revolution, the perpetuation of the spirit of devotion to the old land, and the maintenance of those eternal principles of human freedom and civil liberty which are ever dear to the Irish heart, and in defence of which our race has borne its share of sacrificial offering. (Cries of "bravo.")

We gather under promising auspices. Since our last dinner the fortunes and welfare of the people of Ireland have made a material advance. They now enjoy a larger measure of self government than at any previous time since they were robbed and despoiled of their own parliament one hundred years ago. They are united to-day as they have not been since the death of him whom we mourn as one of the greatest Irishmen, indeed, I may say, one of the greatest men of the century, Charles Stuart Parnell. (Applause.) By the united verdict of all Ireland, that great patriot has a worthy successor in the leadership of the Irish people in the person of John E. Redmond, and the future is full of hope. (Applause.) Ireland is no longer battling unaided for the restoration of her ancient liberties. The people of England, Scotland and Wales recognize that in the vindication of Ireland's demands, their own liberties are but made more secure. I am sure you will all join me in wishing success and extending hope to our kin beyond the sea. That liberty and national prosperity and tranquility will soon be their everlasting possession is the greeting which this society sends to them to-night.

I recently attended a dinner of one of our sister societies. I heard representatives of the Pilgrims, the Puritans and the Dutch. What they did in revolutionary times was described, and the impression might well prevail in that assembly that no other factors entered into the contest. There was a member of your society who was anxious to get an opportunity to correct some errors, of omission rather than commission. Mr. Frederick De Peyster, the president of the Society of Colonial Wars, whom we are glad to have with us to-night, was loud in his praises of the Dutch on that occasion, and I admired him for it, for if there are any men on the earth to-day who should glory in their blood and race it is the Dutch. (Applause, and a voice "Hurrah for the Boers.") They are history makers. They love liberty and deserve its blessings. But my purpose in adverting to this matter is not to discuss current events, but rather to remind our friends that we Irish regard the achievements of the Revolutionary War as part of our own inheritance. The Puritan, the Pilgrim and the Dutch made noble and



heroic contributions to the cause of liberty in that contest, but the Irish, and I say it in all humility, did more than the Dutch, more than the Pilgrim, more than the Puritan, and as much as all other nationalities combined. (Cries of "bravo" and applause.)

It should not be forgotten that one-half of the Continental Army under Washington were Irish. They were animated by a double purpose. They fought for liberty, and at the same time settled a few scores that came down from their fathers. Not a few of them were descendants of the men cruelly and ruthlessly driven out of Ireland by Cromwell in the previous century. These facts were established by a committee appointed by the British parliament, to inquire into the war, and the people who were in rebellion against the authority of George III; and whenever Great Britain has a rebellion on her hands in any part of the globe, she has no difficulty in locating the Irish. (Cheers and laughter.) The first admiral of the American navy was Commodore Jack Barry, an Irishman. (Applause.) A majority of generals in the patriot army were Irishmen, men like Knox, Sullivan, Moylan, Montgomery and Mad Anthony Wayne, (applause,) the very whisper of whose name was wont to throw the English troops into a panic. And this nation can never forget what the Irish did for the continental troops at Valley Forge. The small army watching over the destinies of the new nation was reduced to a state of abject want and suffering. That was the most critical period and darkest hour of the revolution. Doubt, despair and disaster threatened the patriotic cause, when 34 members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia, (applause,) came to the rescue and contributed over half a million dollars, a great fortune in those days, for the relief of Washington and the new nation. General Washington then became an honorary member of the Society, and said, "I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the cause in which we are all embarked." (Applause.) Blot out, if you could, all other records of Irish devotion and patriotic attachment to American freedom, and this declaration of the Father of our country gives us a high and enduring place among the builders and champions of American institutions.

Washington, who refused the honors of Great Britain, and destroyed her power in this land, accepted an Irish ensign and became the first "Adopted Citizen of Ireland."

We have with us to-night a distinguished citizen of the City of Brotherly Love, who brings greetings from our parent society which

boasts Washington's membership. He will respond to the toast: "The Day We Celebrate."

The toast having been duly honored the President said:

Gentlemen, I esteem it a great pleasure to present to you the Hon. Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia. (Applause.)

#### ADDRESS OF HON. MICHAEL J. RYAN.

**MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK:** It is the common belief in the city from which I come that New York has not the highest opinion of Philadelphia, (laughter,) but it is rather "rubbing it in" on a visitor to have your orchestra play, as a preliminary to his appearance, "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You." (Laughter). Through the favor of your distinguished President—and I voice, I know, your sentiments, I gauge them by the acclaim with which you greet him, when I say that I trust that he will long be spared to bear, with ever increasing fame, the great honor which his fellow-citizens have cast upon him. (Cries of "Hurrah" and applause.)—through his kindly favor I am here to-night to respond to the toast "The Day We Celebrate." Looking out over this distinguished audience, however, I could wish that, like the toast to "The President," it too would be responded to standing and in silence, but were this to be I would not have the honor of being part of your glorious company, nor would I have the pleasure of listening to this distinguished galaxy of orators on either side of me, who are to speak to you, and whose names are household words. "The Day We Celebrate" is sentimental. These men have the world at their feet; they speak upon living questions; and it seems to be fitting that New York, with its reputed interests centered mainly in the present and in the future, should first, at once, and quickly get rid of all sentimental things like "The Day We Celebrate." (Cries of "good" and applause). Encouraged by your president—indeed his references to our society impels me to avail myself of this distinguished presence, a company that regards Philadelphia as but a spot on the map, a kind of way station between New York and the nation's treasury (laughter)—I may be pardoned for telling you that, while we have little else to claim pre-eminence for, ancient as your Society is, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia antedated it by more than a dozen years. (Applause). Your Society was organized after the British left New York; our Society drove the British from America. (Cries of "Bravo" and applause). Indeed, upon its rolls are the mightiest names in American history. Its glory is not the glory of Philadelphia. It is part of the heritage of glory of the Irish in America. (Applause).

Strange though it may seem—and I would not utter it excepting for the reference of your president—it is not the less true that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—that one society in Philadelphia alone—gave more Generals to the Continental Army than did all the descendants of the Mayflower. (Applause). I mean to create no antagonism between our countrymen and the Puritans. (Cries of "no, no"). But if you men would but read a great book, by a great New Yorker now dead, unappreciated in his life-time, entitled "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell—an epoch making book—you would know that the claims of England to be the mother country are absolutely idle; and in that book the author bears witness to the bravery, the courage and devotion to liberty of the Irish people, and he says, referring to the anti-trade laws of England, and the restrictions upon Irish industry that drove the Irish people forth from their native land in the early days of the 18th century—he says that they left Ireland with hatred of England burning in their hearts, and that by them—referring to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence—American liberty was first proclaimed, and but for them never would have been accomplished. (Applause). And in that passage he referred mainly to that portion of the Continental Army which was known as the Pennsylvania Line. (Applause). "Rather" said Light Horse Harry Lee, "let me call it the line of Ireland." (Applause). The people of Ireland thronged the hills and vales of Pennsylvania; they lighted the fires of liberty, and they consumed in devouring wrath the might of England upon this continent. (Applause).

For a moment look at the charter of Independence. Do you recall—you practical New Yorkers—that the Declaration of Independence itself is in the handwriting of Charles Thompson, whom Washington called "The Soul of Congress," and who was a native of Londonderry, Ireland? (Applause). Do you know that the Declaration of Independence was first read to the people of America by a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the State House yard in Philadelphia—John Nixon, the son of a native of Waterford, Ireland? (Applause). Do you know that the document was first printed and published by the man who published the first daily paper in America—John Dunlap, of Pennsylvania, a native of Strabane, Ireland? (Applause). And, do you know, still more, that, proud though we are of the thundrous blaze of our fleets at Santiago and Manila, the "father of that navy"—the predecessor of Dewey, and Schley and Sampson, (applause), was the man whose glory creed and race hatred dim, under whom served John Paul Jones, who took the first prize as an accredited

officer commissioned by the Congress of the United States, the man who said "America, my country, I serve her without pay"—John Barry, of Wexford, Ireland? (Applause).

During the Revolutionary War, when your Montgomery and Schuyler met our Wayne and Moylan and Barry, the spirit of kinship was warmed, and when your Society was formed it paid to your brethren in Philadelphia, your predecessors, that tribute which is said to be the sincerest flattery, imitation, and adopted not only the same name, but their medal as your seal. (Laughter and applause). That you have outstripped us in the extent of your benefactions, and the good you have done our race, not only in the ancient cradle land, but here in the home of its heart's love, and hope and devotion, is for you a matter of congratulation, and I am sure that the old patriot founders, looking out to-night from the battlements of Heaven, find joy in your mirth and in your prosperity rejoice. (Applause).

And that ancient medal which they adopted, and which you wear, how eloquent it is of the hopes and dearest ambitions of our race—Ireland and America one. The ancient legends tell us that the Monks in their eyries on the islands far off the Irish Coast saw a land that their listeners thought was but a phantom of the imagination, but which they called the greater Ireland. To that land far across the waste of raging waters their hearts went out. Their dreams would there be given life. And when the veil in the fullness of God's time was drawn away, the exiled Irish here found shelter and blazed the pathways of civilization. (Applause).

"The Day We Celebrate" our kindred are celebrating the world over. Except the birth of his Master the natal day of no other is hailed with such universal reverence. Not alone in the island which he Christianized, but far beyond the waves that lap its shores, to the uttermost confines of the earth, men meet as we do here to pay homage to his memory. His stainless life, the sweetness of his teachings, his bloodless victory, the enduring triumph of the cross he planted, the undying attachment of the people to the principles he taught, have marked him forth for place unique as Conqueror of the minds of men. His conquest indeed was "benevolent assimilation." The soil of the island blossomed with the type of a mystery, and nature made faith easy; but the story of the sacrifice upon Calvary, of Charity for the erring, of love for humanity, of patient suffering, was in consonance with the ambitions and feelings of the Irish people who in after years were to dower the earth with their genius and yield up their noblest and best for humanity and liberty. (Applause.)

"The Day We Celebrate" revives the memory of a glorious past. Again o'er field and flood, through plain and forest, the legions of fearless Irish missionary troops—Sons of St. Patrick—they keep full high advanced the banner of their faith, and in their right hand they bear the lamp of knowledge. Against the barbarous hordes sweeping away civilization and Christianity upon the Continent they hurled themselves, and their zeal, their courage, their tireless devotion, their quenchless fervor, carried their faith in glory and made the Cross flame triumphant. (Applause).

And surviving the wreck of their country's glory and freedom is their devotion to the memory of St. Patrick. He is the common heritage of all creeds and sections of the Irish race. He symbolizes the faith, the hope, the love that has made them ever and always the evangelists of liberty. Loyal to him they never can be swayed by lust for land or greed for gold, or condone crimes against humanity, even upon the plea that trade will follow the flag. In this land that sheltered and welcomed them, whose greatness is largely of their making, where the blood streams of a hundred races have by the mysterious alchemy of God been harmoniously blended, and the consummate flower of civilization—the liberty loving, God-fearing American—has been evolved, where religious liberty and equality of opportunity afford scope for the uninterrupted pursuit of every ambition, the members of the Irish race are mounting to wealth and power, and they constitute with their enthusiasm, their impetuous zeal, their devotion to principle, their memories of centuries of wrong and misery, and broken treaties, the most effective agency in keeping this nation faithful to the traditions of their fathers. (Applause).

Races, like men, are to be judged by their heroes and their ideals. After a thousand years of the onward sweep of Time's effacing finger the Irish race still finds inspiration in the memory of the gentle Monk whose piety and learning thrilled to its utmost core the hearts of their fathers. To that memory they have ever been loyal. (Applause).

Crushed to the earth, compelled to drain to the utmost dregs the draughts of sorrow, suffering persecution unparalleled in the annals of men, sinking from the proud place of Schoolhouse of Europe to the degradation of a subject Island where education was a crime and the teacher a felon, the Irish people kept alive the traditions of a better day, and surviving the scaffold, the dungeon, man-made famine, wholesale massacre, and the onslaughts of paid libellers, they have carried the World over their ambition to make their Motherland a Nation, and have woven into the warp and woof of every government of which

they form a part those doctrines of liberty, equality and freedom of conscience which have made this Republic the hope of humanity. (Applause). Here nor there the Irish race will not fail.

“He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him—be jubilant my feet,  
Our God is marching on.” (Loud and continued applause).

THE PRESIDENT: I once heard a gentleman, who is now upon this platform, declare that he had practiced law in sixteen States of this Union. As a roving disposition seems to be peculiar to an Irishman, this record should qualify him for admission to our ranks, and makes his selection to speak for “OUR COUNTRY” singularly appropriate. I present the Hon. John S. Wise.

MR. WISE, who was received with applause, said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:

In childhood, filial affection and enjoyment, in the bloom of manhood, love, in old age, selfishness, are the influences which predominate among men.

When our faculties, physical and intellectual, are at their best; when our responsibilities, domestic and business, press us most; when we are at the full realization that life's debts are not paid by sentiment or selfishness, and that we belong to others as well as ourselves, it is then that the sentiment of patriotism and love of country is best understood by human nature.

The joys of childhood, the romances of youth lie behind us. We are still spared the overweening weakness of senility; and the country in which we live, the Government whose flag and power protect us, and all that is dear to us, whose glory is our glory, and whose degradation would be our shame, appeal to our sense of reverence and affection as nothing before has ever done, and nothing which comes forward will do in our worldly affairs. (Applause).

We who are gathered here are wonderfully blessed in the Government under which we live. When most of us were born, it was still an experiment—an experiment in that it remained to be tested whether its indefinite chart would survive the rival constructions placed upon it by antagonistic sections and interests—an experiment, in that the question whether the heterogeneous masses of humanity which had come together under it would break up into rival factions or become a homogeneous whole—an experiment, in which it was undecided whether the Government devised by our Revolutionary fathers would, through

all time, remain an isolated asylum for the oppressed people of the earth, or was to become the torch-bearer of liberty to every section of the globe.

These great problems have been met in our day and generation. Some have been solved, others are still in process of solution ; but, whether they belong to the one class or the other, they have been met by our nation in a way that commands the respect of all the world, and has exalted our love of country to a pitch unequalled in the past and never to be surpassed in the future. (Applause).

You and I remember when the issue that agitated America was whether the foreigner or the Catholic should be proscribed for his birth or his religion. In the present day these issues, so long settled, seem trivial ; yet, within our memories the struggle for religious liberty and the right of the foreigners to the enjoyment of citizenship according to the chart of Jeffersonian Republicanism, was waged long and bitterly before it was decided.

We have lived also in the time when nothing but the bloodiest internece struggle of modern days could decide the question of the perpetuity of our united country, and have heard the immutable verdict that it is an indissoluble union of indestructible States. (Applause).

We have lived to see the fear of irreconcilable antagonisms between the sections converted into glad knowledge that old enmities are dead, old jealousies have passed away, old prejudices have been wiped out, until loyalty, patriotism and fraternity are co-extensive with the bounds of the Union.

The bounds of the Union ! Where are they ? In a manner mocking the wisdom of human foresight, by war almost unforeseen, in battles by land and sea unsurpassed in their marvelous results, and deeds of individual heroism, by any records of ancient chivalry, our country has been transformed from comparative insignificance to great international prominence, from its segregated position among the nations to an attitude complicated with every aspect of diplomacy. (Applause).

We may not agree upon the wisdom of such a course, we may not be united upon question of present and future policies, but, one thing is certain, that out of this marvelous transformation comes to every American citizen increase of pride, increase of patriotism, increase of faith in the boundless power of the country of which we are citizens. (Applause).

It is your country, my fellow citizens of Irish birth or descent, as

much as it is the country of those of us who are native and to the manner born. Surely I need not tell you this, and you require no such assurance from me. Just as my father forty-five years ago battled with your fathers for the rights of the foreigner and freedom of religion, so we stand together now, rejoicing in the accomplished glory and liberty of our common country.

Whatever has been accomplished in America is largely due to the broad underlying principles of liberty, which have welcomed to its borders the best of every foreign land, regardless of nationality or religion, provided they come accepting, in good faith, allegiance to the fundamental principles of democratic liberty. (Applause).

No nationality has contributed more generously to American toil, American intellect, and the defence of American sovereignty, than the little Island so dear to the heart of every friendly son of Saint Patrick. (Applause). No people have more quickly amalgamated than the Irish into the mass from which, in time, will emerge a distinct type of humanity, which will be known as the American type—a type which, if I mistake not, when it comes, will take higher rank in the record of human civilization and progress than any which preceded it in human history. (Applause).

The art of post-prandial oratory, Mr. Chairman, is chiefly to be brief. The theme which you have given me is worthy of great length. To have said less was impossible, to say more is unnecessary, and so I conclude by asking that you fill your glasses and unite with me in the sentiment as broad and immeasurable as the seas about us and the skies above us—a sentiment second only in its sanctity to that which we owe our God—I drink the sentiment of “Our Common Country.” (Applause.)

When Mr. Wise had ceased speaking the band played ‘‘America’’ and the audience joined in singing the words of the patriotic hymn.

THE PRESIDENT: The next toast on the list is to be responded to by a member of the society, with whose talents and good qualities you are all familiar. I have pleasure in introducing Senator O’Sullivan, who will speak to the toast, “OUR STATE.”

SENATOR O’SULLIVAN was greeted with applause, and said :

The first glance into the early history of our State brings us, whether we like it or not, face to face with the stranger from over the sea, and we are at once impressed with the idea that the easy grace with which he takes to his surroundings is only equalled by his alacrity in taking his surroundings, and that regardless of native opinion In that respect our history keeps on repeating itself. Illustrating this, it

has been told that when the lofty prow of Henry Hudson's "Half Moon" had cleared its way through the startled waters of the river to a point beyond the Palisades, the hardy navigator took to the shore on a tour of inspection through his master's new domain. Strolling amongst the primeval trees, he met with a native chieftain, a lord of the soil, who inquired as best he could ; "Who are you ?" to which the foreigner replied : "My name is Hudson ; I'm the man that owns the river : if you're coming over my way, drop in." (Laughter). Whether the noble red man accepted the invitation to drop in, tradition does not state ; but we do know that he accepted the invitation to come, and he came to his own undoing when he came to barter with the stranger from over the sea. In his first business transaction with the white man, the fate of the savage was sealed, and the commercial future of New York decreed. Trophies of the chase, exchanged in barter with the stranger, told in distant lands of wealth deep in the forests by the Hudson, and modern civilization following ever in the pathway of trade and commerce, came with its blight and its blessings—came with its blight for the native savage, with its blessings of freedom and refinement, and peace, and prosperity for the millions of the fortunate inhabitants within the boundaries of a State that is rapidly nearing its destiny as the commercial emporium of the world. (Applause). Let us return to Hudson where we left him to barter with the Indian. The native brought furs to trade, and the foreigner brought gin : those were the commodities of exchange. The foreigner deposited his purchase in his ships, and sailed away to ports beyond the sea. The simple native having no artificial receptacle for his purchase, brought it home in the old familiar way, and we are credibly informed that this primitive method of transporting the article has found some repetitions in the history of our State. (Laughter). But Hudson had a mission to perform. The European desire for a shorter route to the Pacific is not of recent origin, though it may be of recent agitation. Hudson was commissioned to seek a shorter route to China. We know now that he went the wrong way about it. Had he but sailed down to Washington, and requested us to cut a way for him through the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean "free gratis and for nothing," cut it; why! hills of rock and mountains of iron would have presented no obstacle to the granting of his request. We would have cut them from his pathway like—Hay ! (Laughter). But in Hudson's benighted times, he could find even amongst the savage Indians no American to do it for him, and so he proceeded on his tour of investigation as far as Albany. In that respect New Yorkers have been celebrating the memory of Hudson

ever since, except that while Hudson's investigation was up the river to Albany, modern investigation takes the other course--down the river. (Laughter). New Yorkers are historically of an investigating turn of mind, and I shall indulge that tendency for a while this evening, but I shall indulge it in the direction of subjects, the contemplation of which made Webster exclaim--"Thank God I—I also am an American." And as Americans, while breathing a fervent "Amen" to the patriotic prayer of Webster, we shall feel none the less grateful that we—we also are New Yorkers. (Applause). Wherever the stars look down on the habitations of civilized men to night there are hearts beating in sympathy with ours for the land whose feast we celebrate; men whose lives are bound as sacredly by ties of patriotism to their homes, as are yours to the State of New York. Well for the sons of persecuted Ireland that there was and is a free New York, and there is much in the history of our State to make us proclaim—"Well for the freedom of New York that there was a persecuted Ireland." (Applause). Giving to the men of every national origin a just measure of reverence and gratitude for the planting of the principles upon which our civil fabrics are founded, and the guarding of the rights which we enjoy, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick may look with special pleasure through the history of New York from that far distant day when Thomas Dongan set foot upon our Island down to that latter day when the deeds and the name of a Sheridan shed their glory upon the history of our State. (Applause). The province of New York had but recently passed from the control of Holland to English possession when Thomas Dongan of Kildare, Ireland, became the royal Governor of New York. On the north the Colony was harrassed by the aggressions of the French and the English; on the south Penn, desirous of annexing New York territory to Pennsylvania, was negotiating with the Indians, but, with the skill of the statesman that he was, Dongan placated the Indians, circumvented the French, and saved us from Philadelphia. (Applause and laughter). But that for which the name of Dongan shall live in history is the convening by him of the first assembly, elected by the people, and the confirmation by him, as Governor, of the first charter of liberties framed for the people of New York. (Applause).

We have advanced far in the science of popular government since Dongan's time, but we can never advance so far as to repeat without benefit the principles enacted in the Dongan charter of liberties. Hear them :

Supreme power shall forever reside in the Governor, council and people met in general assembly;  
 Every freeman and freeholder may vote for representatives without restraint;  
 No freeman shall suffer but by judgment of his peers, and all trials shall be by a jury of twelve men;  
 No tax shall be assessed on any property whatever but by consent of the assembly;  
 No seaman or sailor shall be quartered on the inhabitants against their will;  
 No martial law shall exist, and no person professing faith in God shall at any time be disqualified or questioned for any difference of opinion in matters of religion. (Applause).

During a recent un-American agitation by a few disgruntled malcontents, one of their number, in his mission of hate, came to a small city in the west, and during a conversation with one of its citizens, he inquired : "Any trouble with Irishmen here?" "Not much; only two of them in the whole county" "That is good. What do they do?" "About as they please." "How is that?" "Well, you see, one of them is mayor of the city, and the other is sheriff of the county"—(Laughter) giving simple proof of the executive ability of the sons of St. Patrick, and a tribute to the broad minded intelligence of their western constituents. But we may go back to a more notable parallel in the history of our own State; back to the time when George Clinton, son of Charles Clinton, native of the County Longford, Ireland—when George Clinton, first Governor of the State of New York, and fourth vice-president of the United States, filled the office of governor again while his nephew, DeWitt Clinton, was mayor of the City of New York. The heroism of that one family on fields of battle, and their patriotic activity in times of peace, make the name of Clinton appear legion-like in the history of New York. Charles, the Irish founder of the family in America, served at the battle of Fontenac. His son George, eminent in civil and military affairs, left the impress of his strong character on the history of his times. James, the father of DeWitt, at Montreal and Quebec fought side by side with that other Celtic New Yorker, Richard Montgomery, and with Sullivan in his Indian campaign through New York. He saw the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the evacuation of New York by the British ; but of all the Clintons who served New York, and beyond all the efforts of any other single individual in her service throughout her history, none served her better nor with more lasting effect than DeWitt

Clinton. During his stormy career, whether in the assembly or in the senate of his own state, or in the United States Senate, or whether as Mayor of New York or Governor of the State, whether in public or private life, his life was lived for the happiness and prosperity of New York. He knew that institutions like ours, founded on the hearts of the people, must look for protection to a moral and intelligent citizenry; and the free school of America was his conception. Throughout the voluntary public burdens taken upon him, and through the private cares that beset him, his clear vision penetrated the future and saw the plains of the Northwest teeming with their millions; beheld their waving grain fields; their mines and foundries, and their forests, demanding a water way to the ocean; and saw what you and I, and all of us must now acknowledge: that New York to accomplish and maintain her commercial supremacy, must forever have a spacious waterway through the interior to the sea. (Applause). He knew, in advance of his time, the beneficial result to his own State from such a flood of commerce flowing on her soil, and he gave himself to the project, until the Erie Canal brought the waters of the Great Lakes to commingle with those of the Hudson; brought the title of Empire to our State, and to Clinton the gratitude of posterity. New York needs no temple of fame to preserve the names and the deeds of such men as these. They shall live forever in the hearts of millions of freemen. From where the mountains look down on peaceful Champlain to the mighty sweep of our own majestic river, and from the shores of our inland seas to the surge of ocean, while they so live, peace and prosperity, freedom and virtue shall not depart from the people; and the future of New York shall be forever true to its glorious past. Then let us drink to the State of New York the memorable toast of Washington to his generals when about to part from them in this city, after the struggle of the Revolution had brought triumph to their cause: "And now, with a heart full of love and gratitude, I devoutly wish that your future days may be as happy and prosperous as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." (Applause).

THE PRESIDENT: I have great pleasure in presenting Commissioner John W. Keller, who will speak for "The City of New York." (Applause).

COMMISSIONER KELLER, who was received with applause, said:  
MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:

. As I was leaving the parade to-day, a friend of mine, a girl with a bit of green ribbon at her throat, gave me this trinket. It is a locket of green glass bound with gold and it contains a four-leaf shamrock

which came from Ireland. When she gave it to me she said: "Wear this to-night and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick will like the response which you will make to the toast they have given you. They cannot resist the charm of the shamrock." And then she told me this legend of the leaves—

"One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know;  
And God put another one in for luck—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.  
But you must have hope, and you must have faith;  
You must love and be strong—and so—  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf shamrocks grow." (Applause).

We know to-night where the shamrocks grow. It is all over the world wherever the sons of Erin meet, for on this day of days every true Irish heart is a garden filled with shamrocks. (Applause).

I recall the first time that I ever saw a shamrock. It was long ago when I was a very little child. An Irish lad came to work on my father's farm. His face, with the laughter dancing over it, was like a sunshiny day, and his voice, which was as soft as velvet, had a touch of the brogue that made me never tire of hearing it. I loved him. What child does not love a tender-hearted Irishman? In return he let me follow him to his work in the fields, and on Sundays he would take me to wander in the woods and there with the birds singing and the flowers blooming and the yellow sunshine lacing the earth, he told me of Ireland—Ireland that he had left; Ireland that he loved; Ireland that he hoped to see some day again. And telling all these things to me, who could scarcely understand, who had hardly seen land outside of my father's farm, who knew nothing of the great world with its continents and its oceans, its hopes and its prayers, its joys and its disappointments, he would sometimes take from his pocket a little worn prayer-book and opening it would gaze long at a time, with tears in his eyes, upon a bit of green that looked to me like the clover leaves I knew. And so I thought it was until he told me that those were shamrocks plucked from the old sod and given to him by his mother for remembrance and for luck. (Applause).

One day my friend was missing. When I asked for him, the answer was made that he had gone to the war to fight for the union. The days grew into weeks and the weeks into months and the months into years, but he never came back. Never forgetting the country which he had left behind him, ever cherishing Ireland as the place where he

was born, he did not hesitate when, in the cause of human freedom the call was made for soldiers to fight for the stars and stripes, to offer his services and go to the front. (Applause). Somewhere in the far away fields of the south land he sleeps in one of those narrow beds, unknown and unnumbered, which are the last resting places of so many defenders of the nation who fell in the dreadful carnage of battle. His name is unsung, his memory is unhonored, but his glory is in the type that he represents. Held close in the bosom of his adopted country, he lies there with the emblem of his native land above his true heart. (Applause).

Having known such a man in the beginning of my life, having seen such an exemplification of the Irish character, it is not a strange thing that I have ever since held within my heart a warm place for Irishmen. And when I add to this first impression my subsequent experience of the race, which, by every test known to friendship, has proven true and loyal, I am proud to appear before you to-night, not as an Irishman, but as an American who has enjoyed and appreciates the friendship of Irishmen. (Applause).

A few years ago, at a banquet in the city of Philadelphia, the distinguished editor of a great newspaper published in that city, made an attack on New York. He said that this was not an American city—that it was simply a stopping place for the hordes of immigrants from foreign countries, that it had no understanding of American customs, no appreciation of American spirit, and no loyalty to the American flag. It was to all intents and purposes a foreign city. It was a heterogeneous mass of humanity with foreign antecedents and foreign impulses repugnant to the great body of the American people. Above all, he said New York was a place without homes. He cited the fact that in Philadelphia nearly every man lived in a single house, whereas in New York the great mass of population was huddled together in tenements holding people that had not the first conception of the word home. I heard this attack on New York, and hearing it, I could not restrain the impulse to challenge the truth of the statements made by the distinguished speaker. I cited to him the history of the City of New York from the Revolution, through the War of 1812, through the Mexican War, through the Rebellion, down to that night, and challenged him to name any city of all the Union that had sent more soldiers or better soldiers to all the wars of this country. With regard to the foreign born population, I pointed out to him what immigration had done for this country as a whole, and I claimed then, as I claim now, that the man who leaves his native land to come to the United States to make

a home for himself may be just as good a citizen of this country as the man whose ancestry traces back to Jamestown or the Mayflower. (Applause). To me the man who wears a shamrock on his coat on St. Patrick's day is a better citizen of the United States than the American who believes that he is not well dressed unless his clothes are imported from England. (Applause). The man who could forget the country in which he was born could not possibly be a good citizen of any other country. (Renewed applause). The love of the place of nativity is one of the strongest passions in the human heart. Why, to-day, I sometimes feel that I must go back to the place where I was born. I want again to see the blue grass waving in the sunshine, to feel the air laden with the fragrance of the honeysuckle, and to hear the mocking bird singing at twilight ; and when this feeling comes over me there is such a passionate yearning that I feel as though I must fly back to my native earth and press my lips to her dear face. I am not a worse citizen of New York City because I remember the place in which I was born. (Applause). And as for home, when was home made by the house in which a man lives? That night in Philadelphia I said that in a little apartment in the City of New York there was sitting one fair woman waiting and watching for my coming, and where she waited and watched was my home, for she was my wife. (Applause). Philadelphia might have more houses than New York, but she did not have more homes, for home is where the heart is, and the heart is as true in a tenement as it is in a mansion. (Applause).

Latterly there has arisen one of those periodical outcries against the fair name of the City of New York which are made by men so hysterical in their search for New York's vice that they lose sight of New York's virtue. It is charged that this is the worst city on the face of the globe. It is charged by men wearing the cloth of the church that New York to-day is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah. (Laughter). The rat that lives in a sewer would probably charge that the city is all a sewer, for in its insatiate greed for filth it sees nothing but the reeking sewer walls and the slimy flood that courses through them. But ask a bird that lives in Central Park what the City of New York is, and the answer will be that it is a beautiful place in which it is a joy to live. For every morning as the rising sun streaks the skies, that bird shakes the dew from its wings and lifts up its soul in a song to its Maker, blessing the privilege of living where there is light and flowers and pure air and the laughter of little children all about it. (Applause). The bird knows nothing of the sewers as the rat knows nothing of the park, but as between the

rat's description and the bird's, what human being, knowing New York, will not accept the bird's as the more just as well as the more righteous? (hear, hear)!

But let us consider this charge dispassionately. It is hard for a citizen of New York, believing in his city, not to show feeling when so villainous a charge is made as that this is the worst city on the face of the globe and that modern New York is equal in vice to ancient Sodom and Gomorrah. Let us look at it with the calm reason of men seeking the truth. New York to-day is the greatest city but one in the world. It has achieved that greatness in less time by far than the span of existence of any foreign capital. With an ocean before her and a continent behind her, it requires no prophetic vision to foresee the day when New York shall be the first city of the world, the dominant, regnant, peerless, queen of all municipalities. (Applause). No city and no people ever prospered where vice was greater than virtue. The very eminence of New York, therefore, is an evidence of the good that is in her. But it is not of her greatness that her citizens are most proud. We love her for her virtues rather than for her riches. (Applause).

Is she liberal? From the time that Thomas Dongan, Earl of Limerick, gave to New York her first charter, she has stood for the basic principles of human freedom and human liberty. No taxation without representation; government by the majority of the people; trial by jury and religious liberty at all times and under all circumstances. These are some of the principles that Irish Dongan gave to New York in the beginning, and that New York, cherishing his memory, has held sacred since. Jew or Gentile, Romanist or Protestant, every man here accords to every other man the right to follow the dictates of his conscience in the worship of God. (Applause).

Is she religious? Look along every avenue and see the churches pointing their spire-like fingers to the skies in answer to that question.

Is she loyal? Take the roster of the Cuban War and see what New York sent to the front—the 69th, (applause), the 71st, the 8th, and more of her citizens wanted to go than were allowed to go. One member of this Association, within a few days raised a regiment and offered it to the services of his country, but was denied because it was not needed. (Applause).

Is she generous? Take all your prominent men in the city and see where they came from and what their lives are and you will see that though New York hangs her prizes high, she denies them to no one worthy of them, no matter where he comes from.

Is she charitable? Look at the millions that she gives to her own poor until to-day no one need starve for lack of food nor freeze for lack of fuel, nor die in sickness for lack of attention in all the City of New York, for the city provides accommodations for all such and shuts the door to none. Nor does her charity stop at home. When was ever the voice of human suffering raised that New York did not make substantial answer? Johnstown stricken with the flood, New Orleans with the fever, Ireland with famine, Armenia with oppression! New York answered them all and sent her trains across the continent and her ships across the seas laden with food and with medicine. (Applause).

Is she attractive? Not only do the honest poor of the world seeking for homes come here to New York, but rich men from all parts of this country, having acquired fortune and fame in their local districts, elect New York as a final place of residence. Would they do it if she were the worst city on the face of the globe—if she were a Sodom and Gomorrah? No, they come here because they know she is the best city on the globe, because they know that in the great university of American education New York is the post graduate course, and because they know that all the world accepts without question the hallmark of New York success. (Applause).

Is she virtuous? Ask the man whose life is pure and he will give you the answer of the birds in the park. Ask the man whose life is impure, either from within himself or from the contaminating association of vice, and he may give you the answer of the rat in the sewer. (Hear, hear). There is vice in New York. Nobody denies that. But there is vice in every village in the whole world and there is a vicious impulse in every human heart. So long as men are human, just so long will they err; but as in a man where the good in him is greater than the evil, we must approve him for the good and pity him for the evil; so with a municipality where the good dominates the bad, we must give credit for the good and try to eliminate the bad. We must not persist in the hysterical pursuit of the bad until we lose sight of the good. The good so far dominates the bad in the City of New York that every fair-minded citizen must declare that it is a good city. Compare it with all the great capitals of the world, and you will find that vice flaunts itself less openly here and crime asserts itself less strongly here than in any other capital of the world. Only the other day in Berlin, the sister of the Kaiser stopping in front of a shop to await the return of a lady-in-waiting whom she had sent on an errand, was attacked by fallen women and pursued by them to her very hotel,

charged by them that she was occupying their territory for immoral purposes. Walk along the Boulevard Montmartre or the Boulevard Des Italiens in Paris at any time and you will see such spectacles as one never sees in New York. A New Yorker would stand appalled at the sights which the streets of London show after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Think of Glasgow passing an appropriation for the purchase of wheelbarrows to carry to police stations the women found drunk in the streets. Tokio, Canton, Vienna, Milan, Rome, St. Petersburg—all the capitals of the world—take them and by the simple method of comparing their statistics with those of New York, you will find that New York is the cleanest and most virtuous and the best regulated capital of the world. (Applause). In no other great capital is it safe for a woman to walk alone on the streets in the daytime, much less at night, and yet in the City of New York a respectable woman is safe on the streets at all times.

Is our city well governed? To this question I can only make answer for one department of the government, and that answer is, that whether it is well governed or not, it is governed to the best of the ability of the man at the head of it; and as I fear no investigation of my Department, and as I will welcome any evidence of corruption in my Department, and as I know that there is no corruption there that I have been able to find—(applause)—so I believe that the other heads of the government are running their Departments to the best of their ability. I know them as men, and I know that they are not less jealous of their personal reputations and not less careful of the conduct of their Departments than I am of mine. If there is misgovernment in the smallest particular it should be stamped out. If there is one official false to his trust he should be removed. But be not misled by the hysteria of any pharisee who makes general charges without the courage to specify the particulars. The final judge of whether a city is well governed or ill governed is the people themselves. The best that any public officer can do is to bend his energies to the task before him, to understand the work he has to do, and then mark out a straight line of duty and hew by it to the end, no matter whom he hurts or what criticism may be made of him. Vice must be fought and corruption must be cut out. The question of government therefore, I am willing to leave to the citizens of New York. But to the question as to whether New York is a good city or a bad city, I, at least, shall say she is a good city. I know that there are more people here trying to make her a good city than there are those trying to make her a bad city, and as good lives and evil dies, so the virtues of New York must continue, as they have

always done, to triumph over her vices. How could we hold otherwise without condemning ourselves? Here are our interests, here are our friends, here are our families, here are our homes, here are our lives, and the sum total of all these is our city. Good men are proud of her, good women cherish her, and a good God blesses her. Wherefore, then, should any true citizen stand dumb when the charge is made that she is the worst city on the face of the globe—that she is a modern Sodom and Gomorrah? I for one denounce these charges as calumnies and lies, and here to-night on the natal day of your patron Saint, I renew to our city the pledge of my faith, my loyalty and my love. (Loud and continued applause).

**THE PRESIDENT:** Our next toast is "The Army and Navy," which will be responded to by a gentleman who illustrates in his own life the best traditions of the American Army. I introduce to you General Merritt.

**GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.** who was enthusiastically received, said :

"In an audience of Irishmen, I do not think that I need say anything in defence of the army and navy. (Cheers). It is enough for me to respond to the toast by repeating the 'Army and Navy Forever.' (Cheers). I am very glad that I have no defence to make of the army, as the last speaker has had to make of New York. (Laughter). I am very glad that I have no encomiums to pass upon the army as my friend upon my right has passed on Philadelphia. The army stands without reproach, and when I refer to the army it is not only to the regular army, which vies with any other in the world, (hear, hear)! but to the volunteer army, which is the second line of our defence and must always stand for a free and protected country (Applause).

I came here with the understanding that I should not be called on to make a speech, and I have made no preparation in that direction; but a man would be a dullard if he could not say something in defence of so popular an institution as the Army of the United States. (Hear, hear)! Your honored President, whom I have learned to respect as much as the best dyed-in-the-wool Irishman in the audience, (applause), gave me to understand that I should not be called on to make a speech, or rather, I gave him to understand that I should not be called upon; and it reminds me very much of an incident that happened to an Irishman some time ago in the army. His name was O'Dowd—he was undoubtedly an Irishman and fresh from the bog. He was walking his post like a true soldier should ; lightning came down and struck him—

or rather struck his gun and bayonet—and shattered it to pieces. His lieutenant went out and said, “O’Dowd, are you much hurt?” “No, Lieutenant,” he says, “I am not hurt, only my gun is shattered to pieces, but it shall not occur again.” (Laughter).

It is with that understanding that I have agreed to make some remarks this evening, but I don’t propose to detain you. Our army, during the war in Cuba, Puerto Rico and Manila did its little best, did all of its duty, and has come home—some of it—honored by its countrymen and beloved, or respected at least, by its foe. (Applause).

Since I have been listening to the speeches which have been made, it has occurred to me that in my early experience in the Army I met with a great many Irishmen. I remember particularly one man who was killed at Trevelyan Station. He had risen from the ranks. His name was Lawless, but he was lawless only in name, because he was one of the best soldiers I ever knew. (Cheers). He was promoted at the commencement of the Civil War. He exposed himself—stood up bravely before the enemy—and was known by the members of his company as “Old God’s Truth,” because he always asseverated when he was a private in the ranks that it was God’s truth he was telling.

I have marched with companies on the frontier, and we have always been amused and enlightened by the Irish wit that followed in almost every column. During rainy days, during stormy weather, the Irishman was the life of the company. He has been the life of every army that he has entered into, and he will continue so to be as long as the Irishman retains his nationality. (Hear, hear). But we are all Americans. (Cheers). We all know our country. We don’t need to bestow any encomiums upon the Irish people particularly, but we feel proud that we all belong to a common nationality, and as our friend from Virginia, Mr. Wise, has said, we feel proud to live in an united country and under a respected flag. (Applause).

I thank you very much, gentlemen, for your attention. I am satisfied there is not a man in this audience who could not respond to the toast better than myself. (Cries of “No, no”). But I feel it my duty to say something after the gentle, generous and kindly treatment that I have received this evening. I thank you. (Applause).

THE PRESIDENT: We will pass to the next toast of the evening, “The Spirit of Irish Literature,” which will be responded to by Mr. Michael Monahan. (Applause).

## ADDRESS OF MR. MICHAEL MONAHAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HONORABLE SOCIETY OF  
THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK:

The peoples that have wanted a literary spirit have usually wanted a history. Their place is not among the nations. Such a people is as a body without a soul. In truth, the literary spirit of a people is, after liberty, its most precious possession. It can offer no prouder patent in the general court of humanity. This shall outweigh all dynasties of kings, all imperial successions, all conquest, all military prestige, all the strongly rooted claims of nobility and power.

So the man whom stout old Fletcher of Saltoun knew was wiser than some sages whose names are remembered. The songs are ever more than the laws of a people. To him who reads history aright, Rouget de Lisle was a greater general than the victor of Hohenlinden; a conqueror more mighty than the man of Austerlitz. The assemblies that followed the convocation of the States-General of France, in the memorable year 1789, *debated* the rights of man. History-making did not fairly begin until, coming up from the south, the gaunt soldiers of Barbaroux fiercely chanted those rights in the streets of Paris. The greater the measure of tyranny, the more heroic the spirit of an oppressed people, the nobler is the verse and the loftier the fame of the poet who feeds the hatred of that tyranny "till time at last sets all things even," and sanctifies the zeal of that spirit unto liberty and regeneration. (Applause).

Men of Irish blood, we are sometimes accused of making too much of a history against which the world has written failure. That history does indeed appear to coldly judging eyes a long defeat, but we do not so read it in the light of the genius of our race that illuminates with mournful splendor its darkest page. Where the world reads defeat, it is for us to read the victory of quenchless faith, of unshaken constancy, of imperishable hope (Applause). And this victory we have largely wrought with the stranger tongue forced upon us by the alien oppressor.

With the fullest faith in that ancient Irish literature which has been preserved to us from the ravages of conquest and time and whose inestimable value is made more and more manifest by the labor of devoted scholars, I am yet well persuaded that the treasure house of our literary genius is rich enough, even without this primitive Gaelic deposit, to warrant a high degree of national pride. Even if one were not disposed to go all lengths with the antiquarians—with good old Geoffrey Keating, for example, who describes the colonization of

Ireland before the flood, nor to hold as absolutely Homeric all surviving fragments of bardic minstrelsy—yet it is a great satisfaction to know that we were a civilized people with a definite literary culture and expression when the boastful Briton still exhibited the charming refinements of the stone age. (Applause). The Briton's turn came and it will not be denied that he did his best to reduce us to his own primitive condition of ignorance and savagery. That he did not, with all the means of oppression at his command, quite put out the light of mind among us, is surely the greatest tribute of all to the intellectual resources of the Irish people. And one chief reason for it is that while the oppressor was busiest at his hellish work, there sprang into enduring life the ballad literature of Ireland, the most splendid and enviable of her national glories. Scattered over a period of about three hundred years, born of heroic fortitude and unconquerable patriotism, of a struggle ever renewed, ever defeated, of a persecution without parallel and a resistance without precedent, this ballad literature of Ireland, of the Irish soil and of the Irish heart, stands the proudest monument of our ancient race. (Applause). No literature in the world has more vitality than this—no other people can offer its like. To say that it is written in blood and tears, is to speak without metaphor. Ireland may well rejoice her sad heart with this glorious possession, the testament of her martyrs, the pledge of her fealty, the memorial of her suffering, the witness of her immortal hope.

If it should seem that I have digressed from the strict letter of my text, do not forget that poetry and patriotism are one in this literature; for patriotism is the poetry of the heart, and Ireland herself is a poem, the saddest yet sweetest in the world. (Applause). Such has been that melancholy history for centuries that the record of the literary expression of the Irish people is merely the record of an age-long struggle to regain their lost birthright of freedom. This fact at once explains the lack of variety in their poetical literature as well as its intense self-centred vitality. You cannot make an academic question of the heart travail of this people. The technique of the critic will not avail you to measure the height and depth of such a literature. Nor would we have it otherwise. Historians record that the Melodies of Thomas Moore had as large a share as O'Connell's mighty influence in shaping British sentiment for the grant of Catholic emancipation. If this be so, the world had seen nothing like it since the Sicilian conquerors struck the chains from their Greek captives, as told in classic story. It gives a glory unique to the brow of the Irish lyrist and ranks him with the benefactors of his race.

But this identity of Irish patriotism with the literary inspiration which is the peculiar glory of our people, does not stop here. Because John Mitchel was a patriot without blame, without shame and without compromise, his written words hold us yet with a compelling power. Because Clarence Mangan's passionate heart yearned for the Eire of his visions—

“The clime and land  
Of Cahal-Mohr of the Wine-red Hand,”

he has gained a proud eminence among the poets of his country. Under the Moresque work of this Irish singer, with its rune-like cadences, its haunting strains of elegy and battle, its crooning tenderness and blighting messages of anger, there glows as noble a passion as ever consecrated poet to his theme. (Applause). Never was crowned monarch better sung than Con of the Hundred Fights; never have heroic valor and devotion received grander tribute than he pays to the knightly Tyrone and the red Prince of the North, twinned with him in immortal memory.

With Mangan, indeed, patriotism is always a passionate, living actuality; with Moore too often a graceful reminiscence. The former typifies the militant hope of the Irish patriotic spirit; the latter its tenderness and regret. Mangan has no idea of placating the alien oppressor or his patronizing descendant. The sigh of his harp shall not be sent o'er the deep, but the fierce note of unconquerable hatred shall be struck for all who care to hear. If he lament at all, it is that the stern fight cannot be fought over again; that vainly he conjures the names and deeds of the hero brave.

The high house of O'Neil is gone down to the dust.  
The O'Brien is clanless and banned;  
And the steel, the red steel, shall no more be the trust  
Of the faithful and brave in the land. (Applause).

We shall not soon forget that the note of revolt made possible that splendid efflorescence of Irish genius which we call the New Ireland movement, the saddest defeat of high hopes in all our checkered history. Thus the passing of the “force men” from the scene of nationalist endeavor may be regretted on good poetical grounds, even though it be hailed by the lovers of peace—some of whom love Ireland, too—as a sign of the better era so long in coming. And truly in the cold decline, at least in this country, of that fervid patriotism which once united the “sea-divided Gael” and which poured itself out in lavish aid of every Fenian plot, of every hare brained pro-

ject of liberation or agitation, in this altered feeling, let me say, may we not fear the progressive decadence and ultimate death of that which has seemed most vital in the Celtic character? Compare the men of Forty-eight with the parliamentary patriots of a later day. What a falling off from that high spirit, that unselfish devotion which breathes in the heart songs of Thomas Davis, sweeping away every barrier before them with the irresistible attack of Irish genius! What a change from the heroic, if illusory, ideals that inspired the clanging speech of Meagher of the sword! (Applause). One grows old and the world seems to shrink and fade in thinking of it.

There was something so warm and sublime in the core  
Of an Irishman's heart that I envied thy dead!

Alas! the new Irish avatar is different enough from that which provoked the fierce anger of Byron. It asks for tears rather than condemnation. It signifies a people still faithful indeed, but weary of promises; more willing than ever to be guided by moderate counsels; no longer breaking out into those sudden fits of rage or frenzy that startled the oppressor in an earlier day; shaping themselves, it may be, for the hour when British magnanimity shall endow them with a measure of justice.

It has been finely said, Mr. President, that a people who, though subjugated, still cling to their native language, hold as it were the key to their prison. The bitter destiny of our race has willed us to lose in great part this most precious inheritance, yet, out of a calamity so profound has the spirit of our people wrested an unique triumph. For of the conqueror's tongue we have forged a mighty weapon that has prevailed more than armies and fleets. Out of his alien speech we have raised a witness to confound him. In the magic legend, as we read, the enchanted horn, object of all men's desire, was awarded only to those of pure heart and noble purpose. So have we taken the oppressor's language, as worthier of it than he, and we have breathed into the genius of our race, and we have made of it a literature whose glory far outshines his barren conquest. (Applause).

Strange is the destiny of the Celt. Conquered, he is yet conquering by grace of that native genius which could never bow to the law of subjugation; by virtue of that renascent spirit which has survived the deadliest blows of national misfortune. (Applause). " You must not laugh at us Celts," said our great kinsman Renan. " We shall never build a Parthenon, for we have not the marble ; but we are skilled in reading the heart and soul. We bury our hands in the entrails of a man and withdraw them full of the secrets of infinity."

The precious blue flower of our Irish poesy is not, thank God, a blos·om that blows but once in a hundred years. True, it has its periods of vigor and splendor and again its seasons of apparent decline. Through all it lives, as a thing that the finger of God has touched with immortal life. Then one day, with a stirring at the heart, the secret of its life is revealed in fruitage and flower, as our own poet has conceived:

Unchilled by the rain and unwaked by the wind,  
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,  
Till spring's light touch her fetters unbind,  
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower. (Applause).

For the sap is always at the root. And in our late day, when it is sometimes charged that Irishmen have begun to renounce their age-long aspiration; when it is perhaps true that they have less patience than of yore with a literature that is effective chiefly for regret,—even now have we not seen the wondrous miracle appointed to this ever-faithful race? The winter is over once more, the bare branch again puts forth green leaves and the dewy Irish heaven is filled with the glory of song! (Applause).

Ah! gentlemen, as we listen with joyful hearts to the choir of happy songsters that have truly made spring in the winter of our memories, let us not forget those earlier minstrels who sang, faithful unto death, in darker days. Let us foster with loving pride the message of their genius, which has come down to us inwrought with all our sentiment of the old mother-land. They are indeed inseparable—this sentiment, this poesy. Though the words of Walt Whitman be true, and that which the sorrowing, ancient mother seeks,

‘With rosy and new blood  
Moves to-day in a new country, —’

yet the sons of the Gael, here in this broad free land and all of them scattered the world over, will not cease to look back to Ireland for the final proof of God's justice. And pending that solemn act for which centuries have waited, what son of the Gael will not join with the poet in these tender greetings to “old Erin in the Sea?”

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth  
And the fair Hills of Eire,  
And to all that yet survive of Ebhear's tribe on earth,  
On the fair Hills of Eire.  
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay  
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay--  
Alas! alas! why pine I a thousand miles away  
From the fair Hills of Eire!

A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,  
 And the fair land of Eire;  
 The very bread of life is in the yellow grain  
 On the fair Hills of Eire.  
 Far dearer to me than the tone music yields  
 Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,  
 And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields  
 Of the Gael on the fair Hills of Eire ! (Applause).

A voice—Three cheers for our last speaker. (Cheers).

THE PRESIDENT: We shall close with a few words from a visitor—an Irishman beloved at home and abroad, Mr. Bram Stoker.

MR. STOKER. I have been called upon as an Irishman to address you. Upon an occasion like this I cannot refuse, although I feel somewhat in the position of a certain shareholder at a company's meeting presided over by a countryman of ours. This shareholder was asking some question of the usual inconvenient tenor, such as—what has become of the entire capital? (Laughter). The Chairman strenuously endeavored to suppress him, and the following discussion occurred :

“ Sit down, sir, sit down.”  
 “ I will not sit down, sir.”  
 “ Sit down, sir. This meeting does not want anything of you, sir. What this meeting wants of you, sir, is silence, and d——n little of that.” (Laughter).

Gentlemen, I feel to-night as the person represented in Scripture, who had on a celebrated occasion not on the wedding garment. For the first time in my life I have been compelled to wear a false shamrock. I had to make one out of water-cress so as to present the appearance of a genuine Irishman. (Laughter).

May I say, Mr. President, that to me, as a stranger, it has been a delightful experience to witness, in this great body of Irishmen to-night, an amount of toleration which is rare in any assembly. We are divergent on many points, and yet there was no point raised to-night to which anybody could take exception; and it was a very great delight to me coming among my own countrymen from a far off land, to see that the real old spirit of Irish freedom and Irish toleration are exemplified here to the full. (Applause).

THE PRESIDENT: Mr. Humphries will now sing “ The Dear Little Shamrock.”

Mr. Humphries then sang “ The Dear Little Shamrock ” in the chorus of which most of those present joined, after which the proceedings terminated.

Places where the Anniversary Dinners of the Society have been held  
from its Organization to the present time.

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- 1784 Cape's Tavern. [Now No. 115 Broadway.]
- 1785 The Coffee House. [Mr. Bradford's, in Water Street, near Wall Street.]
- 1786 The Coffee House.
- 1787 The Coffee House.
- 1788 Merchants' Coffee House. [S. E. Cor. Wall and Water Streets.]
- 1789 }  
1794 } To The City Tavern. [No. 115 Broadway.]
- 1795 }  
1803 } To The Tontine Coffee House. [N. W. Cor. Wall and Water Streets.]
- 1804 The Old Coffee House. [In Water Street, near Wall Street.]
- 1805 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1806 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1807 Phoenix Coffee House. [Wall Street.]
- 1808 Mechanics' Hall. [N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park Place.]
- 1809 }  
1815 } To The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1816 Washington Hall. [Now No. 280 Broadway.]
- 1817 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1818 }  
1832 } To The Bank Coffee House. [S. E. Cor. Pine and William Streets.]
- 1833 The City Hotel. [No. 115 Broadway.]
- 1834 The City Hotel.
- 1835 The City Hotel.
- 1836 Washington Hotel. [No. 1 Broadway.]
- 1837 Washington Hotel.
- 1838 Carlton House. [N. E. Cor. Broadway and Leonard Streets.]
- 1839 City Hotel.
- 1840 Niblo's Tavern. [Broadway and Prince Streets.]
- 1841 }  
1846 } To City Hotel.
- 1847 }  
1848 } AND No dinners—Irish famine years.
- 1849 City Hotel.

- 1850 Delmonico's Hotel. [William Street.]  
1851 }  
 TO } Astor House.  
1856 }  
1857 }  
 TO } Metropolitan Hotel.  
1862 }  
1863 Delmonico's [Broadway and Chambers Street ]  
1864 }  
 TO } Delmonico's. Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1868 }  
1869 St. James Hotel.  
1870 St. James Hotel.  
1871 Hoffman House.  
1872 Hotel Brunswick.  
1873 Delmonico's [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1874 Delmonico's [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street ]  
1875 Hoffman House.  
1876 Delmonico's [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1877 Delmonico's [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1878 Metropolitan Hotel.  
1879 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1880 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.]  
1881 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]  
1882 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]  
1883 Delmonico's. [Madison Square.]  
1884 Hotel Brunswick.  
1885 }  
 TO } Delmonico's [Madison Square.]  
1895 }  
1896 Hotel Savoy.  
1897 Waldorf.  
1898 Waldorf-Astoria.  
1899 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.]  
I900 Delmonico's. [Fifth Avenue and 44th Street. ]



